

Hazel Green Herald.

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HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

BOBOLINK PHILOSOPHY.

I know a deep philosopher who's far too wise to think,
That bubbling, breezy blatherskite, the bolsterous bobolink.

So drunk is he with wine of joy, so music-mad with mirth,
His tipsy carols of content rejuvenate the earth.

We feel the orient joy of life with which our world began—
'Tis summer in the earth and air and in the heart of man.

From what deep fount of flowing joy does this mad minstrel drink,
This babbling, breezy blatherskite, this bolsterous bobolink?

From rounded apple blossom cups where wild bees browse and boom;
From lily breakers and from chalice of bloom;

From strawberry goblets filled with dew, the incense of the night,
Caught from the sky's inverted urn embossed with starry light,

Forth from his blossom bed he leaps, and, laughingly and strong,
All up and down the ringing earth he weaves his web of song.

And preaches boldly to the sad the folly of despair,
And tells to whom it may concern that all the world is fair.

And to my heart his wisdom finds a surer welcome home
Than some that has been sanctioned by the sages of old Rome.

That bubbling, breezy blatherskite, the bolsterous bobolink,
Is such a deep philosopher, he's far too wise to think.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.



ALWAYS liked hunting, but I never will forget a queer hunt I had when I was after big game." The speaker was Maj. Archibald Wendell, and one of the best-known clubs in the city was entertaining him. He was well known as a man of adventure, and his story was eagerly demanded. "It was in Rio Janeiro," he continued. "The first month after my arrival I met an old acquaintance of mine, Jack Dorne, a harum-scarum sort of chap, who had seen nearly everything and been nearly everywhere, from Boston to Singapore. We had not met in three years, and there never was anything more unlikely than our meeting in that out-of-the-way place; and yet, I'll give you my word that as I sauntered up the shady side of the street and met him sauntering down the shady side we looked up, recognized each other, and Jack cried, as coolly as though we had parted not an hour ago: 'Hello, Arch! Want to go up into the mines? Lots of fun and good hunting.'

"That Jack was a funny fellow. He had got a 'pull' with some man that was making loads of money in the mines, and he was at that time busily engaged in laying up for a rainy day. He showed me his bank book, with some very handsome figures to his credit. Well, nothing suited me better than to see the interior of the country a little, and the end of it was that in ten minutes I had promised to go, and in less than three hours we were on the way and were rapidly leaving the city behind us. We had fine horses. Jack knew every foot of the way and was friends with a good many people along the road, and we could afford to take our time and travel as slowly or as rapidly as we felt inclined. Jack had stopping places staked out, as he said, and knew quite well every day where we were going to spend the night. Jack kept telling stories of the fun at the mines, and of the chances for good hunting of all kinds there, and we got along very cleverly. But on the fourth day, as we jogged along, an accident happened which upset Jack's calculations for that day. My horse put his foot into a hole and fell, laming himself so badly that I had to walk and lead him. For several hours we made but little headway, and dark came down and found us ten good miles short of the place where Jack had expected to stop. 'This don't look very promising,' said Jack, dubiously, trying to peer ahead into the gathering shadows. 'There's a nasty creek bottom ahead, and I hate like smoke to go through it after dark. I caught a glimpse of a snake as long as the Atlantic cable in that bottom once, and I haven't got through running yet.' But the next moment he cried: 'Why, what was I thinking of? There's a little hut just in the edge of the bottom on this side; an old herb gatherer lives there. Why, of course, we'll spend the night right there.' And hurrying on we found the little hut, a miserable place enough, thatched with leaves and with a great hole broken in one corner of the roof, but a shelter, at any rate.

"The old herb gatherer was away from home, but we took possession, lighted a candle, helped ourselves to some food we found in the great corner cupboard and stretched ourselves on his bed to sleep. We left the candle burning for fear of the ghosts, Jack said, and I remember looking the room over sleepily by its dim light, and seeing the tall, gaunt cupboard, whose door we had left open, and the dark hole in the corner of the roof. The last thing that occurred to me was that I could see two fiery eyes gleaming out of the darkness through that hole, and then I went to sleep. I had a dream that I was full of snakes and crawling things, and after I had worried over it until I couldn't stand it any more I woke up.

"I lay there for several minutes looking at the candle, which was burning low. After awhile I raised my eyes and started off in a yawn which was frozen on my face, as it were, leaving my mouth wide open. For there, hanging from the hole in the roof and gracefully waving to and fro, was about eight feet of a snake. And such a snake! Boys, I don't believe I am exaggerating one particle when I tell you that it was as large around as my body. While I lay there and looked at him, and saw those smooth, waving motions, that enormous head and the darting tongue that was kept in constant play, I felt perfectly conscious that this snake could have swallowed me without a particle of trouble. And however anxious I might have been for sport, you know I had no anxiety to explore the interior of a boa-constrictor.

"With some faint idea of selling my life as dearly as possible, I slipped my hand softly under the pillow and got hold of my revolver. The motion, easy as it was, roused Jack, and he half turned. Instantly two or three feet of the huge, shining body slipped down through the roof, and the horrible head came nearer. Jack saw it then—that citizen of the world always so fertile in expedients—and with one wild shout of 'Great Scott! Jump for the cupboard, Arch,' he flung himself in that direction. With a glimpse of returning reason I scrambled after him, and in an instant we were crouched on the floor, under the lowest shelf, with the door shut behind us. We were safe, for the snake could not open the cupboard; and we sat there and laughed and cried in the most nonsensical fashion, with our self-control entirely gone.

"Well, if that snake ain't sold!" was Jack's version of it, but I think he felt pretty serious when he said it. After awhile we began to find that it was too close in our cramped quarters and I opened the door a tiny little bit so that we could get a breath of air. We found then that the candle had gone out and the room was as dark as Egypt. But we could hear something moving in that dark room—soft, gliding motions that made us thankful there were good, strong planks between us and the something on the other side. Time began to pass



somewhat heavily in the cupboard. I pressed my face close to the crack in the door to get more fresh air, and suddenly something lightly brushed over my face again and again. I didn't know what it was at first, but all at once it flashed upon me that it was the tongue of that snake. That was more than I could endure. With a murmured warning, 'Look out, Jack, I'm going to fire,' I put my revolver to the crack and fired at the horrible creature that was caressing me with its slimy tongue.

"Of course, shut up in that little closet it sounded like the very crack of doom, and we were deafened so that it was some time before we could hear anything. When we recovered a little such sounds as did greet our ears! Half a dozen wild horses couldn't have made more noise than that snake was making. We could hear it leap away up against the walls and fall and twist and writhe, lashing about with its tail and knocking down everything in the room. At the same time the air became so heavy with the rank, poisonous odor the reptile emitted that both of us turned deathly sick, and Jack began vomiting.

"At last, while the snake was beating against the walls on the other side of the room, I opened the door a little way, reached out in the dark and found the candle. I had one last match in my pocket. If it should go out I thought it was all up with us, for I was quite sure we couldn't live till morning in that closet. But fortunately the match was a good one and I made a light, thrust it out into the room a little and viewed the wreck. Coiling, twisting and throwing himself about in his mad agony the huge snake had possession of the place. Walls, floor and everything else were covered with his blood and

the odor was simply horrible. Just as I looked out he had got himself coiled around a stout oak chair, and with a tightening of the coils the chair was splintered. I incautiously opened the door a little too far, and he hurled himself at me. I had barely time to pull the door shut when he struck it. And then I got Jack to hold the light while I watched the snake's motions, took careful aim and fired.

"That shot finished him. He struggled and wriggled blindly all over the room for a minute or two, but finally straightened himself and lay still. And then Jack and I crawled out of that closet more dead than alive, and Jack lit a fresh candle and asked me if his hair wasn't gray. And then, there was the sequel: for the old herb gatherer never was seen again. When we found that he had really disappeared, Jack and I looked at one another and cold chills ran over us, for we felt as confident then as I do now that the huge snake on some previous visit had killed and devoured the helpless old man, and was merely looking for another meal when he dropped himself down from that hole in the roof. No, we did not look for any more game on that trip. That one hunt in the night and in the dark was enough for one time."—N. O. Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat.

THE SEA SERPENT.

An Account of That Much Riddled Monster.

Near the close of the second decade of the present century there appeared off the coast of Massachusetts bay one or more strange creatures, differing essentially in general aspect from anything hitherto observed. They were evidently sea-going creatures, oceanic ones, and impressed all of their many observers as serpentine or saurian-like in shape and movements.

Col. Perkins, of Boston, communicated his observations of one of these "appearances" to the Boston Daily Advertiser at the time.

"Wishing to satisfy myself on a subject on which there existed a great excitement, I visited Gloucester, Cape Ann, with Mr. Lee. We met several persons returning who reported that the creature had not been seen during several days. We, however, continued on our route to Gloucester. All the town, as you may suppose, were on the alert, and almost every individual, both great and small, had been gratified, at a greater or less distance, with a sight of him. The weather was fine, the sea smooth, and Mr. Lee and myself sat on a point of land overlooking the harbor, and about fifty feet from the water. In a few moments I saw on the opposite side of the harbor, at about two miles distance from where I had been sitting, an object moving with a rapid motion up the harbor on the western shore. As he approached us it was easy to see that his motion was not that of a common snake, either on land or in the water, but evidently the vertical movement of the caterpillar. As nearly as I could judge there was visible at a time about forty feet of his body. It was very evident that the length must have been much greater than what appeared, as in his movements he left a considerable wake in his rear.

"I had a fine glass, and was within a third of a mile of him. The head was flat in the water, and the animal was as far as I could distinguish, of a chocolate color.

"There were a great many people collected, many of whom had seen the same object. From the time I first saw him until he passed by where I stood, and soon after disappeared, was about twenty minutes.

"One of the revenue cutters, whilst in the neighborhood of Cape Ann, had an excellent view of the animal at a few yards' distance. He moved slowly, and at the approach of the vessel sank, and was not seen again."—J. B. Holder, in Century.

MONKEYS IN HINDUSTAN.

A Place Where They May Live in Peace and Security.

Indian shops have no doors nor windows, but are like large cupboards, open to the street, in which food grains and other articles are exposed for sale; and in towns where Hindus preponderate and a busy current of trade has not swept the streets, bulls, calves, parakeets, sparrows and monkeys take tolls, which the dealer would fain prevent, but that he is few and fat, while the depredators are many and active. A stout grocer nodding among his store baskets, while a monkey, intently watching the sleeper's face, rapidly stuffs his cheek-pouches with grain, is a common sight as well as a comical one.

Of late years the tradesmen, who form the bulk of the members of our municipalities, have felt that there are too many Hanumans abroad, and have ventured on proceedings that would not have been tolerated in the days of complete Brahmanical ascendancy. Numbers of the marauders have been caught, caged and dispatched on bullock carts to places many miles distant. There they have been let loose, but as the empty carts returned, the monkeys, quick to perceive and defeat the plan of their enemies, bounded gaily alongside and trooped in through the city gates with the air of a holiday party returning from a picnic.—Beast and Man in India.

—Mountain Guide—"There is not a better prospect for miles around. Here, gentlemen, you command a view of thirty-two luns"—In der Sommerfrische.

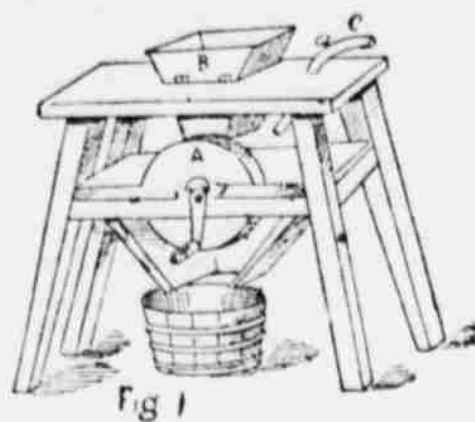
AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

MAKING POTATO STARCH.

A Simple Operation Requiring But Little Machinery.

Some time ago the necessity for devising some means of making use of the large quantity of unmerchantable potatoes that had accumulated in the city and that were held in the interior because of the lack of a remunerative market, led to the discussion of the feasibility of manufacturing starch from the surplus tubers. Several establishments were put in operation, and farmers all over the state were inquiring as to the necessary machinery, cost of operation, methods, etc.

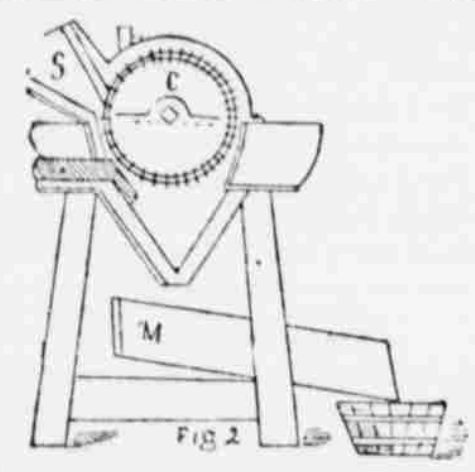
The process is so simple and the mechanism so inexpensive that there is nothing to prevent potato growers all over the state who are threatened with a surplus from engaging in the making of starch. The New England Homestead gives a short account of the operation, and it is reproduced here for the benefit of readers who may be disposed to engage in the industry. A wire bas-



ket to wash the tubers, a rotary rasping machine, a few large tubs or water-tight hogheads, some wire and hair-cloth sieves and a drying-room comprise the principal pieces.

A simple rasping machine is shown in figure 1, and consists of a band wheel (A), over the rim of which has been secured, rough side out, a piece of sheet iron previously roughened up like a nutmeg grater by punching it full of holes. The wheel is mounted on an axle supported by the wooden frame so as to revolve immediately beneath the mouth of a metal-lined wooden hopper (B).

A more effective rasper or grinder is shown in figure 2. It consists of a cylinder (C) twenty inches in diameter and two feet long, mounted on an axis. It is armed with steel saw plates, placed about three-quarters of an inch apart, parallel with the cylinder and having small and regular teeth. The plates are held in position by iron clamps, so that the toothed edges project about four-fifths of an inch from the periphery of the drum. It is driven at the rate of about eight hundred revolutions per minute before the hopper



and is capable of pulping about forty-eight bushels of potatoes an hour. In both these machines the rasping surfaces are kept clean by the action of small jets of water projected with some force.

As the washed potatoes are passed through one of these machines, the pulp and wash water are run off into tubs, and after the coarser particles have been deposited, the milky liquid is drawn off into other tubs, and the starchy matter allowed to settle; or, as in large factories, the pulp may be rubbed and washed through a series of sieves, ranging from coarse wire gauze to fine haircloth. After repeated washings with fresh water in the tubs, to separate the gummy and fibrous matters, the starch granules are finally allowed to settle, and after the water has been drawn off the pasty mass of starch and water is run off into long wooden troughs, slightly inclined, wherein the paste gradually hardens as the water drains off. When hard enough, it is cut into blocks and put on shelves in a warm room to dry out. With good management, from seventeen pounds to eighteen pounds of clear starch can be obtained by these simple means from 100 pounds of average potatoes.

Broken Flint as Grit.

Hard flint, crushed or ground, will some day be placed on the market for the use of poultrymen in providing grit for fowls. It is true that nearly all sections have gravel, but gravel is worn by the elements into round shapes, or rather the sharp edges are taken off. The object in swallowing hard substances by the fowls is to secure sharp-cutting material, and ordinary gravel does not supply their wants. Many persons use oyster shells, reduced by grinding or pounding, but shells are too soft and do not fully serve the purpose required. Flint is the best material, as it always presents sharp edges, no matter how fine it may be in condition.—Farm and Fireside.

It is no small matter to let sheep become chilled after shearing. It means less

A STUDY OF PLANTS.

The Wherefore of the Remarkable Nutrition of Young Grass.

The recent discovery that the early product is the most profitable applies not only to animals, but to crops. The two-year-old steer, the yearling or the three-months lamb, the broiler chicken, the two-year-old cow are all now indispensable for full profit of their rearing and feeding. And so it is with the fruit, the vegetables and the grass. The cows on the fresh young grass show by the abundant milk and rich, golden, high-flavored butter that their feed is just what they require. But few farmers as dairymen really know why this is so, believing that such grass is too full of water and really deficient in nutriment. This is a great mistake. It is the young grass that is the most nutritious, and has less water in proportion to the nutriment it contains and more fat in it. The fresh young clover has much more of the albuminoids and the fat than that in full blossom, and ripe clover is still more deficient in nutriment, the digestible matters having been largely changed into indigestible substance. Young grass has the same proportion of nutriment over full-grown grass as clover has, and in this we may find the reason why, as the season advances, the cows fall off in yield and the milk is less and less rich. And in the late summer when the second growth comes, it is this superiority of the new-grown grass to which the increased flow of milk and the higher yield and quality of butter are due. Everyone knows of these facts, but not of the cause of them. There is no food better for a cow than the clippings of the lawn-grass, which is always young and tender and rich in nutriment. It is commonly thought that this young grass contains an excess of water. Not so. It has an excess of sap, but as the flowing sap of the maple pours from the tree in spring it is rich in sugar, and while there is more water in the tree, this water is saturated with the most nutritious elements. A plant can only take in food dissolved in water, and thus when it is growing most rapidly, and is in its most nutritious condition, it must have the most water in it, but this water is only the vehicle which carries the nutritive matter. Thus the more water the more solid nutriment.—N. Y. Tribune.

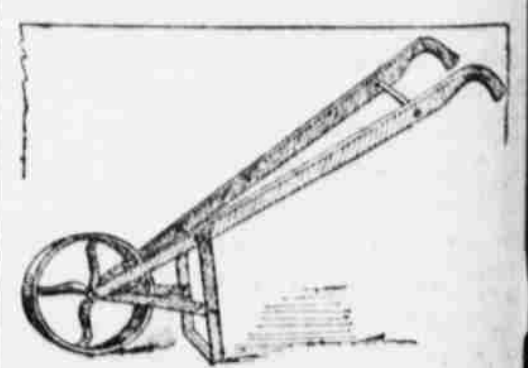
HOMEMADE WHEELHOE.

An Excellent Tool for the Cultivation of Garden Crops.

I send you a pencil sketch of a wheelhoe I made last spring. It is an excellent little tool for the cultivation of garden crops, especially in a small garden where it is hardly practicable to use a horse and cultivator, and where vegetables are planted close together, such as onions, etc. In the onion patch I can do as much work with it as five men can with horse. It is light and easily handled.

The soil should be free from stones or rubbish and this is just the way a garden should always be. It should not be allowed to bake. No wheelhoe can be successfully used in crusted soil. Work as soon after a rain as the ground will crumble nicely.

The wheel is off of a mowing machine and is eight inches in diameter. The axle is eight inches long. The cutter is a piece of a buggy spring, twenty-six inches long, and about one-eighth of an inch thick, and bent as shown in cut, and attached to the handles six inches from axle. The two braces are



eight inches long and attached to the cutter about two inches above the band. There are two holes in end of each brace, and also in each end of cutter, to regulate the depth. The handles are attached to the axle by two pieces of strap iron and a bolt through the axle bolts the parts together tightly. It cost fifty cents besides my own labor, for cutter, braces, bolts, etc.—E. S. Mead, in Ohio Farmer.

The Rolling of Land.

The conclusions of the Wisconsin experiment station are as follows regarding the rolling of land: 1. Rolling makes the temperature at one and a half inches below the surface from one degree to nine degrees Fahrenheit warmer than similar unrolled ground in the same locality, and at three inches one degree to six degrees warmer. 2. Rolling land by firming the soil increases the power of drawing water to the surface from below, and this influence has been observed to extend to a depth of three feet. 3. The evaporation of moisture is more rapid from unrolled ground unless the surface soil is very wet, and then the reverse is true, and the drying. 4. In cases of broadcast seeding germination is more rapid and complete on rolled than on unrolled. It was sixty-three per cent greater on rolled. Greatest in dry and least in wet weather, and weighed about two pounds per bushel the most. Rolled oats yielded a trifle over two bushels more per acre.